NUMB. XXX.

# The LOVER.

## *By* MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre*
*Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.* Luc.

*Tuesday, May* 4. 1714.

IT is a very great Satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonick Foot, to look calmly on, while Carnivorous Lovers run about howling for Hunger, which the intellectual and more abstracted Admirer is never gnaw'd with. The following Letters give a lively Representation of this matter.

*Mr.* MYRTLE,

'IF ever any Man had reason to dispatch himself for 'Love, I am the Person; I am lost to all Intents 'and Purposes, tho' I was the happiest Man in the 'World, and have no one to accuse but my self of 'my present Misfortunes, and yet I am not to be 'accused neither. To open this Riddle, you must 'know, Mr. *Myrtle*, that I am not now Twenty 'Years of Age; I think that Circumstance necessary 'to tell you, for they say the Misfortune which 'befel me cannot happen but from the Height of 'Youth and Blood. I live in the Neighbourhood 'of a young Lady of Wealth, Wit and Beauty, I 'love her to Death, and she does me with no less 'Ardour: We had frequent Meetings by stealth, 'which are now interrupted by a very uncommon 'Accident. I have a Father who can never be e-'nough satisfied that his House is not to be burned 'before next Morning, and for this reason, as well 'as, perhaps, other Jealousies, insists upon the Liber-'ty of coming into my Chamber when I am asleep, 'to see whether my Candle is out. One Night 'he stole softly in, as indeed he always does, for 'fear of disturbing me, when I fast asleep was talk-'ing of my Mistress. As he has since told me, I 'named her, and then thought fit to go on as fol-'lows.

'The Happiness we now enjoy is doubled by the 'Secrecy of it. I will come again to Morrow Night, 'and have ordered the Hackney Coachman to be 'ready to let me get up to your Window at the 'Hour appointed. Be ready to throw up the Sash 'when I tinkle with a Piece of Mony at the Glass. 'Your Letters I keep always in a Box under my 'Bed, and my Father can never come at them. 'Pray be sure to write, for the Day-time is mighty 'sad, to be troubled with the Impertinence and Bustle 'of the World, and we never to meet or hear from 'each other but at Midnight.

'The old Gentleman took my Key out of my 'Pocket, and by that means made himself Master 'of my Papers; and, in an high Point of Honour, 'the next Day told the Parents of my Mistress the 'the Danger their Daughter was in of being carried 'off by his Son, who had no Pretensions to a Wo-'man of her Fortune, tho' he can do very hand-'somly for me.

'This matter has been very indiscreetly manag-'ed by both our Parents; the Servants, and 'consequently the Neighbourhood, have the 'Story amongst them, and the innocentest Wo-'man in the World is at the Mercy of busie 'Tongues: Now, Sir, I am not to judge of the 'Actions of my Father; but as he has a longer Purse 'than he will own, I desire you would lay before 'him, that he did not come at my Secret fairly, 'and that he ought, since he goes upon Punctilios, 'to have made no Use of what he arrived at by the 'Infirmity of a troubled Imagination. He says 'indeed for himself, that he had this Thought in 'his Head, and therefore had I owned the Thing 'to him when he taxed me, without shewing my 'Mistress's Letters, he should have been obliged, 'by the manner of getting the Secret, to have kept 'it; but since I had not owned it, had I not been 'confronted by her Letters, which he got by tak-'ing my Key out of my Pocket, I am under the 'same Degree of Favour as a Man who commit-'ted any other Crime would have been who had 'betrayed himself in the same manner. Mr. *Myr-'tle*, you are a great Casuist, and you see what a 'Jumble of unhappy Circumstances I am involved 'in, which I desire you to extricate me from by 'your best Advice, which will come very season-'ably to two Families who are much your Friends, 'among whom none so much as the Lady con-'cerned in the Story, and where she approves you 'have an Admirer in,

*SIR,*

*Your most Humble Servant,*

Ulysses Transmarinus.

(Price Two Pence.)

'I

'I have Notice given me, that I muſt croſs the 'Seas for this Buſineſs; but I am reſolved to ſtay 'at leaſt in the ſame Nation with my Fair One, 'till I hear further.

*Mr.* MYRTLE, *Friday, April* 30. 1714.

'YOu'll oblige extremely your moſt humble Ser-'vant in inſerting this in your next *Lover*.

*Madam*,

"DEath would have been welcomer than your "Letter in *Thurſday*'s *Lover*, for I muſt "ſurvive the Miſery *that* would have ended. Your "*Sincerity* is ſo far from being *Offenſive*, that my "Paſſion (were it now lawful to indulge it) is "greater for you, and I cannot better prove the "Truth of mine than by *refuſing you*, and mak-"ing you as happy in *your Choice*, as with *you* "would have been the moſt unfortunate ——

*Mr.* MYRTLE.

*SIR*,

'THERE is a young Woman in our Neighbour-'hood that makes it her Buſineſs to diſturb 'every body that paſſes by with her Beauty. She 'runs to the Window when ſhe has a mind to do 'Miſchief, and then when a Body looks up at her 'ſhe runs back, as tho' ſhe had not a mind to be 'ſeen, tho' ſhe came there on purpoſe. Her Hands 'and Arms you muſt know are very fine, for that 'reaſon ſhe never lets them be unemployed, but 'is feeding a Squirrel, and catching People that 'paſs by all Day long. She has a way of heaving 'out of the Window to ſee ſomething, ſo that one 'who ſtands in the Street juſt over againſt her, is 'taken with her ſide Face; one that is coming 'down fixes his Eyes at the Pole of her Neck till 'he ſtumbles; and one coming up the Street is fixed 'Stock ſtill by her Eyes: She won't let any body 'go by in Peace. I am confident if you went that 'way your ſelf, ſhe would pretend to get you from 'Mrs. *Page*. As for my part, as to my ſelf, I fear 'her not, but there are ſeveral of our Neighbours 'whoſe Sons are taken in her Chains, and ſeveral 'good Women's Husbands are always talking of 'her, and there is no quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to 'take ſome Courſe with her, for ſhe takes a delight 'in doing all this Miſchief. It would be right to 'lay down ſome Rules againſt her; or if you pleaſe 'to appoint a time to come and ſpeak to her, it 'would be a great Charity to our Street, eſpecial-'ly to,

*SIR*,

*Your moſt humble Servant*,

Anthony Eyelid.

*SIR*,

'HEre is a young Gentlewoman in our Street, 'that I do not know at all, who looked 'full in my Face, and then looked as if ſhe was 'miſtaken, but looked ſo pretty, that I can't forget 'her; ſhe does ſomething or other to every one 'that paſſes by. I thought I would tell you of her.

*Yours*,

Ch. Buſie.

*SIR*,

'HEre is a young Woman in our Street, that 'looks often melancholy out of the Win-'dow as if ſhe ſaw no Body, and no Body ſaw her, 'ſhe is ſo intent. But ſhe can give an Account of 'every thing paſſes, and does it to Way-lay young 'Men. Pray ſay ſomething about her.

*Yours, unknown*,

Tall-boy Gapeſeed.

*SIR*,

'THere is a young Woman in our Neighbour-'hood, that makes People with Bundles on 'their Back ſtand as if they had none, and thoſe 'who have none ſtand as if they had too heavy ones. 'Pray take her to your End of the Town, for ſhe 'interrupts Buſineſs.

*Yours*,

Ralph Doodle.

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